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CAPT. M'CLURE,

The Discoverer of the North-west Passage.

On the night of the 5th of April, 1853, M'Clure, as we have seen, had closed his dispatches and letters, to be intrusted to the traveling-parties, and consigned himself to another year of peril and privation in the ice. No hope of relief from anything human. The next morning came, the 6th of April, and the horizon seemed desolate as ever; but suddenly the cry overhead was heard, "A travelling-party in sight." No one could believe it—"things were too bad for that; and yet that it should be true appeared possible. The cry was raised again. Men and officers rushed on deck, when they saw a man running across the snow towards them.

"Imagine if you can," says M'Clure, in a private letter, "a whole crew vegetating in a huge catacomb, supposing themselves cut off from the world, and not a civilized being within two thousand miles; when suddenly an apparition is observed close to the vessel—one solitary stranger. (for his companions were hidden by the ice,) black as Erebus, approaching rapidly, occasionally showing gesticulations of friendship, similar to the Esquimaux.

My surprise—I may add dismay—was beyond description; I paused in my advance to meet him, doubting if he were not a denizen of the other world." To the question, "Who are you, and where are you come from?" uttered by M'Clure, the new-comer, quite beside himself, stammered out: "Lieutenant Pim, Herald; Captain Kellett." This was the more inexplicable to M'Clure, as Captain Kellett was the last person he had shaken hands with at Behring's Straits. "However my surprise lasted but for a moment. The apparition was really found to be flesh and blood. To rush at and seize him by the hand was but the first gush of feeling; language was denied—the heart was too full for the tongue to articulate. As this black stranger informed us that assistance was within one hundred and fifty miles, the crew flew up the hatches; the sick forgot their maladies, the healthy their despondency. All was now life and delight; in a moment the whole crew were changed. I may go on writing, but can never convey the most faint idea of the scene. I can only say, fancy the dead raised to life; try to impress your mind with such a picture. I need say no more."*

* Extract from a private letter of Captain M'Clure.

"Hours after, the men might be seen talking, two or three together. Many among them seemed alive to the goodness of an ever-watchful Providence; but still their minds did not appear fully to grasp the extraordinary, almost miraculous change in their circumstances. On the morrow, the best the ship afforded was dealt out to the crew, to make themselves as merry as they could. The day following, Captain M'Clure and Lieutenant Pim left for Melville Island, after arranging for Lieutenant Cresswell to follow with the most sickly part of the ship's company. In this interval two deaths occurred; making three within a few days who had sunk under their protracted privations."*

Captain Kellett, in a private letter, thus describes the meeting at Melville Island: "This is really a red-letter day in our voyage, and should be kept as a holiday by our heirs and successors for ever. At nine o'clock of this day our look-out man announced a party coming. I cannot describe my feelings when told that Captain M'Clure was amongst them. I was not long in reaching him and giving him many hearty shakes; no purer were ever given by two men in this world. M'Clure looks well, but is half starved." And M'Clure describing the same meeting in a letter, says: "The 19th of April, ever to be kept as memorable, I arrived on board the Resolute, being met a short distance from the ship by her most kind-hearted, excellent captain, whose cordial embrace and welcome assured me that deep feeling and sincerity were there. Here I still remain in the enjoyment of true Irish hospitality; I need not tell you, the reception given me by our preserver has amply compensated for our deprivations and miseries."

It is singular that these two gallant officers, who thus met, one from the east, the other from the west, upon Melville Island, (henceforth immortalized by the meeting,) are not only Irishmen, but from the same town. Wexford has the honor of being the birthplace both of Captain Kellett and Captain M'Clure.

On the 2d of May Lieutenant Cresswell reached Melville Island, with his invalided party, consisting of Mr. Wynniett, the mate, Surgeon Piers, the interpreter, and twenty-four seamen. Of these all were in bad health except the interpreter. Mr. Wynniett had suffered severely from the the protracted hardships; and one of the men had become entirely imbecile, though otherwise in good health. It was a painful and difficult task for Lieut. Cresswell to convey such a party *one hundred and seventy miles* over the ice, the weather gloomy, the men so enfeebled that two were required to do the work of one; and the difficulty of dragging the sledges over high masses of ice so great, that the men sometimes fell down from weariness; but no death, no accident even, happened. In sixteen days they reached their destination safely. All honor be to the brave young officer, Lieutenant Cresswell, who had the guidance of of this arduous enterprise, and accomplished it so admirably!

The next day Captain M'Clure returned to the Investigator; Captain Kellett, as senior officer, having determined that if twenty able-bodied men volunteered to remain with Captain M'Clure, that dauntless officer should be at liberty to stay by his ship, and attempt to bring her through, should the season render it possible.* The twenty brave-hearted men were found, and from that period up to the present time they and Captain M'Clure have remained in their frozen prison in the Bay of Mercy.

Lieutenant Cresswell travelled on to Beechy Island, a distance of three hundred miles, intrusted with Captain M'Clure's dispatches. Captain Pullen, with the North Star, was there. Great was the excitement at the marvellous tidings. Lieutenant Bellot, amongst others, the gallant but ill-fated French officer, had such an intense enthusiasm about the north-west passage, that he was heard to declare, that to have been a partaker in that glorious success, he would willingly have laid down his life.† At

† *Ibid.*

* "Personal Narrative" of Lieutenant Cresswell.

* Lieutenant Cresswell's "Narrative."

his own request Captain Pullen entrusted him with the original dispatches to convey to Sir Edward Belcher, up in Wellington Channel. The ice being heavy, of course it was a sledge expedition. Five days after the party set out, Lieutenant Bellet was standing with two men on a mass of ice, when it suddenly broke off from the main pack, and drifted away with them out of sight. Six hours after the two men returned. They had saved themselves and also the dispatches, but the unfortunate young officer was seen no more. On the 8th of August, Captain Inglefield, in the *Phoenix* arrived at Beechy Island, and the despatches being of such vast importance, it was thought advisable that Captain Inglefield should immediately return to England, and convey Lieutenant Gurney Cresswell, the bearer of them. The night before they sailed, the *Bredalbane* transport, under command of Captain Inglefield, was struck by the ice, and in fifteen minutes went down, and was totally lost, the crew having just time to save themselves.

On the 21st of August, 1853, Lieutenant Cresswell sailed in the *Phoenix* for England, where he arrived in six weeks. "At five o'clock on Friday morning the 7th of October, Mr. Barrow, of the Admiralty, was awakened from his sleep to hear the startling intelligence, that the life-long object of his father, the late Sir John Barrow, was accomplished, and the North-west Passage made; Lieutenant Gurney Cresswell, the grandson of the good and gifted Elizabeth Fry, having the singular good fortune to be the first who entered the Polar Sea by Behring's Straits and returned to England by Baffin's Bay."

Let us now cast back one glance from the triumphs of Captain McClure to his present position. Four years of his life passed, in the very prime of life, in the horrible monotony of that frozen region, and a fifth year commencing—God only knows whether it will send him release. People talk lightly of three or four years in the ice. Have they ever thought what it means? The destitution of all that can interest man. Officers do not talk of these things in their despatches,

but let us hear Sir John Ross; let us hear the cry of at least one human heart coming up from the ice-grave of all life: "Let no one suppose," he says, "that we had not felt all this—the eternal wearisome iteration of registers, and winds, and tides, and ice, during months and years, though I have passed it by as if we never felt it. There were evils of cold, evils of hunger, evils of toil; and though we did not die, or lose our limbs, as men have done in those lands, had we not undergone anxiety and care, the sufferings of disappointed hope, and more than all, those longings after our far-distant friends and native land, whom we might never again see? Yet there was a pain beyond all this: we were weary for want of occupation, for want of variety, for want of means of mental exertion, for want of thought, and—why should I not say it?—for want of society. To-day was as yesterday; and as to-day, so would be to-morrow. With a sea around us impracticably frozen, one would wish to sleep the winter through like the dormouse; but to be ever awake, wanting to rise and become active, yet ever to find that all nature was still asleep, and that we had nothing more to do but wish, and groan, and hope, as best we might! . . . Who more than I," he continues, "has admired the glaciers of the north, sailing from the pole before the wind and the gale, floating along the ocean like castles, and towers, and mountains, gorgeous in coloring and magnificent in form? And have not I, too, sought amid the crashing and thundering roar of a sea of moving mountains for the sublime, and felt that nature could do no more? In all this there has been beauty, horror, danger; everything that could excite, that would have excited a poet to the verge of madness; but to see, to have seen ice and snow during all the months of a year—uninterrupted and unceasing ice and snow during all the months of four years—this it is that has made the sight of those most chilling and wearisome objects an evil which is still one in imagination, as if the remembrance would never cease. To us the sight of ice was a plague,

a vexation, a torment, an evil, a matter of despair. We hated its sight, because we hated its effects and every idea associated with it. For ten months the air is snow, the gale is snow, the fog snow, the breath of the mouth is snow. Snow is on our hair, our dress, our eyelashes, around us and over us, on our beds, our dishes, when our huts are snow, our drink snow, our ladders snow, our salt snow—the cold, the icy the monotonous; and when we died, our shrouds, and coffins, and graves would be of snow likewise.”

Yet there is an awful beauty in these regions, even though associated with terror. The icebergs, the frost giants of the old sagas, glittering in the sunlight as if they were crowned with gems; glaciers a thousand feet high, green as emerald, or violet with the sun's last rays; cliffs of crimson snow, and an azure sky above so clear that objects are visible a hundred miles off; and round the horizon sweeps the red sun in an endless summer evening of three months long. Then comes the three months' polar night, with its stupendous stillness, when all nature sinks in torpor, and men's faces grow gastly in the darkness, and the silence is only broken by the crash of an iceberg, and the stars burn fiery red in the black heaven and on every side is an infinite *mer-de-glace*, through which rise masses of basalt, “like the uplifted hands of drowning men,” while above circles the magnificent polar moon, for days and weeks without setting, and over all shines the cold beautiful light of the aurora, which vivifies nothing, animates nothing, and leaves nature still and icy as before. Ten months the waters are ice, the land snow, and the stillness of death reigns everywhere.

Humbolt says that “dangers exalt the poetry of life,” but not dangers that must be met only with passive, helpless endurance. A commander in the Arctic regions must not only be a hero himself, but able to make all around him heroes; and in this frozen torpor of existence, how difficult to preserve his own energy, enthusiasm, heroic purpose, and sanguine

hopes, all unchilled! Yet this M'Clure has accomplished both for himself and the courageous men with him. We have, indeed, but to look at his portrait to see how a brave and beautiful human nature is expressed in the noble brow, fine-cut lip, and clear deep eye. In the very carriage of the head, one can trace the frank, bold spirit of the man. His success was not the result of chance; the heroism was in the purpose. He would listen to no recal; flung himself upon fate with the audacity of genius: and even if death is to come, he says, calmly, “Let no life be risked to rescue mine.” Thank God he is Irish. His heroism is his country's glory. In estimating what he has accomplished, let us remember that *he alone* has filled up the blank between Behring's Straits and Melville Island—he was the first that ever burst into that silent sea; and that now with a chart to guide them, the hazard to human life in this dangerous ocean is infinitely lessened. The discovery has also aided the solution of many scientific and geographical problems. He has ended for ever the romantic theory of an open polar sea by showing that the Polar Sea never clears; and while he has set at rest the question of a thousand years, and proved the existence of a *north-west* passage, he has also demonstrated, that if a communication between India and England by the Polar Ocean be tried at all, it must be by the *north-east*, as he himself effected it, as the winds and tides set in from the *west* the greater part of the year, driving the whole polar ice in the face of any ship advancing from the Atlantic.

If, however, modern science with all its new appliances of steam, screw-propellers, gutta percha boats, provisions that keep *ad infinitum*, and even glycerine for a preventative against frost-wounds, should make men content to dare the northern passage, the chart is now clear: all that can be known of the route to Asia is laid down. Depots might be formed at Baring's and Melville Islands; and while one caravan traversed the burning desert eastward to India, another through the ice of the polar

steppes might proceed westward to the same destination. All along the route, tribes of human creatures exist, intelligent and teachable; and wherever man is, his brother man should deem it no unworthy task to bring him within the privileges of a christianized humanity. All progress is a divine thing, inspired, guided, directed by a wise Providence; and the lone ship of the Bay of Mercy has not been led through the frozen sea without some purpose by which humanity may be bettered.

With regard to Sir John Franklin, all evidence tends to prove that he must have passed up Wellington Channel with his ships, out into the open sea beyond, where none as yet have been able to follow him. Mournful, most mournful, the desolate fate, the desolate death of that brave old man—out in the desert icy plain, far away from all human aid; for though death stands face to face with every Arctic navigator each moment of his perilous progress, and many men have been laid there in their snowy graves, yet the mystery that hangs over the death of these men is what makes the thought of it so darkly terrible. One hundred and thirty-six human beings disappear and make no sign—not a line of writing, not a fragment of the stores, not a spar of the ships ever found. The whole history of Arctic navigation presents no parallel to such a catastrophe.

Thank God our brave countryman has been preserved from so awful a fate! His dangers are now comparatively over. Should he not be able to bring his ship home through Barrow's Straits, she is to be converted into a store-ship, and Captain M'Clure will return to England in the Resolute; but we trust the guiding Providence which has favored him so far will yet permit the crowning achievement. Since Drake brought the Golden Hind to England, and Queen Elizabeth dined on board with the gallant admiral, no ship with such a history as the Investigator ever anchored in the Thames.*

* Since going to press we have learned that the present position of Captain M'Clure's ship leaves little hope of its ultimate preservation. By the pressure of two icebergs it has been

We cannot conclude without noticing, as a most strange and singular coincidence, that there exists a legend in ancient Irish history which seems to refer to our illustrious countryman with all the distinctness of prophecy. His name is identical with Macannan Mac Lir, the sea-god of Ireland and the Isle of Man; and this god is now usually called MACNANAN MAC CLURE, in the county of Londonderry, where they tell many stories of him, and assert that *he will one day achieve a great feat, which will redound to the glory of Ireland.** The most probable account of this sea-god which has descended to us, is contained in King Cormac's "Glossary" as follows: "Manannan Mac Lir (now Mac Lur) was a famous merchant, who dwelt in the Isle of Man. He was the greatest navigator of the western part of the world, and used to pre-empt good or bad weather from his observations of the heavens, and from the changes of the moon. Wherefore the Irish and Britons gave him the title of God of the Sea; they also called him Mac Lir, (*Son of the Sea*); and from him the Isle of Man had its name."

In the "Ogygia," the merchant's name is stated to have been Orbsen, surnamed Mac Lir, and from him Lough Orbsen, now corruptly called Lough Corrib, derives its name. This Manannan Mac Lir was one of those Carthaginian merchants, who are said to have visited this part of the world at an early period, and he is stated to have made the Isle of Man his principal residence and deposit.† The very locality where the tradition is still current, is another link in the chain of marvels. The father of

lifted up, and now remains suspended thirty feet above sea level, fixed, as if in a vice, between these stupendous ice masses. Lieutenant Cresswell, with generous devotion, has, we understand, solicited leave from the Admiralty to go out again to the Bay of Mercy, with a relief-ship, for the services of his heroic commander.

* The learned and distinguished Dr. John O'Donovan stated this tradition in 1834, when treating of the waves of Lough Foyle, on the Derby side.

† See "Description of West Connaught," pp. 20, 21, published for the Irish Archaeological Society.

Captain M'Clure was a native of Londonderry; and he himself, when returning from his first polar voyage with Sir George Back, was driven by a tempest on the very coast which his ancestor, the Mac Lir of ancient pagan Ireland, had rendered celebrated by his commercial expeditions. When Ireland, therefore, welcomes Captain M'Clure, she welcomes back her long-expected hero and achiever of great deeds—

THE SON OF THE SEA.

BOSTON SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

This Society celebrated its 26th Anniversary on the 31st of May, in the Tremont Temple.

Alpheus Hardy, Esq., President, in the chair. The meeting was opened with prayer; after which an abstract of the Report was presented by Rev. S. W. Hanks, Corresponding Secretary and Financial Agent of the American and Boston Societies. A large and deeply interested congregation was addressed by Rev. Messrs. Harris of Pittsfield, Carpenter of Portland, Fletcher, Seamen's Chaplain at Rio de Janeiro, and Willitts of Philadelphia.

This Society continues the ministrations of the gospel to seamen in the Mariner's Church, corner of Sea and Summer Streets. Its Sailor's Home, under the superintendence of Mr. Chany, at 199 Purchase street, has had since first opened 16,000 sailor boarders; within the past year, 2,380; of whom 118 were shipwrecked and destitute, who received aid to the amount of \$387, besides clothing, &c.

We are happy to make an extract from the Managers' Twenty-Sixth Annual Report:—

Evidences of Improvement in the Condition and Character of Seamen:—

1. *In the better provision made*

for their physical wants. Formerly, the low estimation in which the sailor was held, as a man, was indicated by the meagre provision which was made for his comfort and improvement. His berth in the fore-castle was a low, dark, damp, unventilated and cheerless apartment. Now, his apartment is commonly fitted up with reference to comfort and health, and such sanitary and humane provisions are made, as afford pleasing evidence that the sailor is regarded as a man.

2. *In the higher appreciation of intelligence among seamen by their employers.* In many ships are found supplies of valuable books, which seamen are encouraged to read. Not a few commanders of ships are acting upon the principle that intelligence among seamen, instead of leading to insubordination and indelence, is helpful in the maintenance of discipline and in securing the prompt performance of duty.

3. *In the increasing number of shipmasters who maintain discipline by high moral motives.* Whatever may be said of the necessity of "the rope's-end," as a motive power among "desperate men at sea," it is an encouraging consideration that an increasing number of shipmasters are maintaining discipline without the use of the lash. The causes of insubordination, it has been discovered, are not *always* in the fore-castle. Shipmasters, whose deportment is such as to *deserve* respect, are commonly respected and obeyed,—while those who think to make their orders efficient by the help of oaths, as bullets are made effective by the help of powder, are learning that authority is best secured by securing the *respect* of those who are to be governed. Every year is adding to the number of shipmasters who maintain discipline without profaneness, and whose knowledge of men is too profound to allow them to suppose that insubordination on ship-board, can be most readily and effectively subdued by "cutting it asunder" with the "cat;" that barbarous instrument, which has scored the backs and broken down the spirit of so many seamen, whom gentler

means would have saved from the ever-depressing sense of degradation induced by such treatment.

4. *Another encouragement is found in the growing conviction that the character of seamen must be elevated, in order to recruit the marine service.* At the present time, about three-fourths of our entire marine is made up of foreigners. While numerous causes have been reducing the number of American seamen, the deficiency has been made up, to a great extent, by men of other nations, and men of corrupt morals, gathered where they could be found. The reluctance to employ young men not accustomed to a sea-faring life, while "able seamen," of any country or character, could be found, has resulted, by a natural process, in the present scarcity of seamen. To change this condition of things, and induce into the service reliable young men, it is found not only that some system for training *youth* to the business of the sea must be adopted, but that such guards must be thrown around them, that moral shipwreck will not be regarded as the almost inevitable consequence of entering upon a sea-faring life. A pleasing evidence of a disposition to guard the morals of the young at sea, is found in the commendable attempt which ship-owners are, to some extent, making, to regulate the social intercourse of ship's-crews, by constructing rooms for boys, separate from the common apartment, so that the morals of those whose characters are not yet formed, shall not necessarily be exposed to the corrupting influence of companionship with men educated in the schools of vice.

5. *In the increasing number of seamen who are not under the control of vicious habits.* Though many seamen are still the victims of the intoxicating cup, and when ashore give painful evidence of being under the control of vicious habits, it is an encouraging consideration, that an increasing number, especially of American seamen, are acting upon the principle of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. Sailors' Homes, conducted upon temperance princi-

ples, are extensively patronized by seamen, with the full knowledge of their strict regulations; and if those who maintain that seamen are growing "worse and worse," will visit the Homes in Boston and New York, and witness the deportment of the men whom they will meet there, they will find an ample refutation of the common calumny, that "the more you do for a sailor, the worse he is for it." Intoxicating drinks are not provided for seamen in the merchant service, and not unfrequently ship-masters who have suspicion that grog has been smuggled into the fore-castle, find no constitutional difficulties in executing the destruction clause of the Maine law upon the contraband article. It is only in our naval ships that this most potent cause of degradation among seamen, the intoxicating cup, is distributed under the protection of law.

Instead of the prodigality once so universal among seamen, an increasing number are depositing their earnings in the Savings Banks. More than \$400,000 have been deposited by seamen in Boston; and in New York more than \$2,000,000. During the year ending May 1st, about \$30,000 were deposited by seamen, in Boston; and, in New York, \$40,000 are known to have been deposited in *fifteen* consecutive days.

6. But the most encouraging indication is found *in the increasing number of seamen desiring religious instruction.* This desire is evinced by the attendance of seamen on the preaching of the gospel, and the demand for Bibles and religious books. In congregations of from fifty to five hundred, these men are gathered in different seaports, at home and abroad, to the number of not less than fifty thousand annually, who, when in port, come under the direct influence of Christian truth. In addition to this direct influence of the truth preached, there is also the influence of an increasing amount of Christian literature, which is finding its way to sea. Under the influence of Christian truth spoken to seamen, and a Christian literature accompanying them to sea, interesting conversions have oc-

curred from time to time, and many seamen are giving pleasing evidence of having seen, by the eye of faith, that "star alone of all the train which can fix the sinner's wandering eye," and guide him into the port of peace.

ANNUAL REPORT.

Of the Concord Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, presented at their last Annual Meeting, May, 31, 1854.

LADIES—The past year has been to your Association one of great prosperity.—Death has not been permitted to remove any of your members, and your efforts in behalf of Seamen have been greatly blessed. You have this year forwarded to the American Seamen's Friend Society a donation somewhat larger than ever before. Principally as the avails of a Levee held on the 8th of last June you had the pleasure of sending \$230 to the Treasurer of that society. By this three of your clergymen were constituted life Directors, and five ladies life members of the Parent Society. The circulation of the Sailor's Magazine has thus been increased among you; and to this it may be owing, that a deeper and more enlightened interest for the mariner pervades your community, which is apparent not only from a more numerous attendance at your monthly meetings, but also from remarks in conversation, and the cordial and able manner in which his claims are advocated in religious assemblies.

Among the varied and numerous claims of the present day upon individual and associated beneficence, it is not easy or even desirable, to say that any is paramount. Each has its peculiar characteristics, which find a hearty response in every christian heart, and receive a liberal, if not abundant, supply from every christian hand. Your society is one of many sister associations, which in different departments, labor for the good of mankind.—Your department, having special reference to those that "go down to the sea in ships," is inferior to few in interest and importance,

and awakens your sympathy as well as receives your approval.

Your sympathy is given to the sailor on account of his privations. Going to sea has been peevishly compared to going to jail, with the probability of being drowned. To the sailor this may be almost truth. For many consecutive months he is confined in a floating prison, severed from all intercourse with the world, and subjected to the most rigid discipline. His food is coarse and unpalatable; his very luxuries being viands from which any but the keenest appetite would turn lothingly away. His sleep is short and often broken, his labors frequently severe and protracted. He cannot inhale the fragrance of the flowers and listen to the melody of the birds, nor view the charms of the smiling landscape. The field he ploughs yields neither the budding plant nor the ripening grain. He sits not beneath the tree of his father's planting, nor cultivates the vine that festoons his own dwelling. Nor does he enjoy much in the scenery around him. The charm of novelty having passed away, he has learned to gaze on the waves gleaming in the placid moonlight, and to view the most gorgeous sunset, with little emotion but what is excited by their prognostications of coming weather.—His social privileges also are limited. He is separated from home and family and country. He belongs to no community, wheresimilar fears and hopes and interests form a bond of union. He can have no permanent friendships. If among the heterogeneous characters by which he is surrounded, he finds some congenial spirit, with whom he takes sweet counsel, he can enjoy his society but a little while. At the next port they part, perchance to meet no more till they stand with the assembled universe before the throne of God. The seaman is greatly debarred from the ordinary religious influences. The Sabbath brings to him no rest—no privacy. No rising spire, no assembling worshippers invite him to the house of prayer. No choral strain nor organ's thrilling tone assists his heavenly aspirations. Nor does the voice of the living preacher,

falling upon his ear, remind him of the love of God or the retributions of eternity.

You feel for the sailor because he is exposed to death in its most frightful forms.—Few who habitually follow the sea live to an old age. Travelling every portion of the globe, and sojourning by turns in different climes, they are liable to the disease peculiar to each. The pestilence of the tropics, the scurvy of more northern regions, may attack them according to their location. This year they may experience the debility produced by extreme heat, the next ice-bound in the regions of perpetual snow, they may be perishing from cold and hunger. The most frightful casualties often befall them. The fall from the rigging, the upsetting of the boat by the whale and sometimes the jaw of the shark may terminate his earthly career. But it is from the storm and the shipwreck that death most frequently comes upon the sailor.—This has, during the past year, been sadly verified. So frequent have been the accounts of disasters, and so graphic the details, that our hearts have sickened within us, and we have involuntarily stopped our ears as if to shut out the groans of the dying, or closed our eyes that we might not witness the concentrated agony of those who were languishing upon the fragile raft.

You are interested for the sailor, because he is closely connected with the sorrows and trials of many of your own sex. Bitter is the anguish of the mother, whose son has departed for his first voyage before the mast. Vividly does her imagination portray his sufferings. She seems to see him compelled to ascend the giddy mast amid the taunts of his companions. The tears which the pangs of homesickness force from his eyes, seem to fall upon her heart. She trembles as she thinks of the storm. But most she dreads the temptations to which he is exposed, and her greatest fear is that her fair boy will become a hardened, polluted man. The sailor's wife is almost a widow while her husband lives. He, who promised to protect and cherish her is

far away. During the long periods of his absence, she bears alone the burdens which belong to both, often performing duties from which woman ever shrinks. While seeking to lead her children in the right way, she is painfully aware how much her influence is lessened by the want of a father's hearty co-operation. And yet painful as is her husband's absence, his presence, it may be, affords little relief. While yet the tear of thankfulness glistens in her eye, and the smile of welcome lingers on her lip, recollections connected with previous visits cloud her heart. She remembers the free use of the inebriating cup; the profane jest; the contemptuous sneer. Nor can she forget the horror with which she heard her precious boy utter his first oath, and reply to her reproof—"father said so."

But who can understand the anguish of those whose friends have perished at sea. You have known bereavement—you have found your little world shrouded in darkness that might be felt, because one star was quenched. But you were privileged to watch by the couch of the sufferer, administering each relief that love could devise, and sustaining by your sympathy the sinking spirit; you whispered words of heavenly promise in the dying ear—you responded to the mute farewell—you accompanied the departing soul to the very verge of heaven, and in joy at its triumphant entrance there, for a moment forgot your own loneliness. And the precious remains! you have seen each trace of the fearful contest pass from that brow and the countenance assume the aspect of peaceful repose. Carefully have you robed that form for the grave, reverently placed it within the coffin; and soothed by words of prayer and religious consolation, and surrounded by mourning friends, you have followed it to its restingplace. And as you have strewed that grave with flowers or erected thereon the marble monument, you have cheated yourself into a belief that you were still ministering to the departed, and that the sleeper beneath knew and rejoiced when you approached.

But these solaces belong not to the friends of him who died at sea. Recollections of that hallowed influence, which throws a halo not of earth around the death-bed, are not theirs. No fond farewell or parting word dwells in their memories. Days of hope, weeks of suspense, months of despair may intervene, ere they learn the certainty of their loss, in the cold brief announcement that such a person died of fever, or fell overboard, or perished in the burning ship. They cannot know the mitigations that attended the last sufferings; but imagination will depict the victim writhing in his narrow couch, vainly longing for some purer, cooler draught with which to quench his torturing thirst. Or it will portray the horrors of that midnight plunge, or the wild despair with which was viewed the approaching flame. Oh, if they could but learn that prayer, not profanity, moved his dying lips; that he was not alone as he entered the gate of death, but that one like unto the son of man was by his side. And how much would it soften their distress could they have wept over the lifeless body and given it a decent burial, instead of being forced to leave it in the sea, the sport of the monsters that people the deep.

It sometimes is well to fix our attention on those things which are suited to enlist our feelings as well as our judgment in favor of any good cause. Therefore we have dwelt on the sufferings connected with maritime life. But after all, mere sympathy is never an enduring motive for efficient action. But there are other reasons for aiding the mariner. He is a child of the same common parent, and therefore has a brother's claim upon us. He is the heir to a heavenly inheritance and ought to be taught his birthright. Guilty and helpless like ourselves, he has no way for salvation except through the blood of the Redeemer; and shall he, for whom Christ died, perish in his sins because no one points to the cross?

The sailor's influence for good or evil upon the conversion of the world, though often urged, loses none of its importance by repetition. That the American and English mariners are

to be apostles of political and religious freedom, that they will do much toward spreading a knowledge of the way of salvation among the nations, is altogether probable. When their lips shall declare and their lives shall exemplify the principles of the Bible, a day of gladness will be at hand.

It is the object of the American Seamen's Friend's Society to improve the social and moral condition of seamen, and in doing this they seek to imitate the example and to follow the directions of their great Master.—While they make every practicable provision for his temporal relief and necessities, by establishing Savings Banks, Boarding-houses, Libraries, Schools, &c., they also place the means of religious instruction in fore-castle and in cabin, erect the Bethel flag, and commission the chaplains to teach the poor erring wanderer the only way of salvation.—They are not prone to despond or falter from any real or supposed want of success. They know from the nature of the case that work for the sailor must be done again and again, for there can be no church of converted mariners gathered on the sea, hedged about with religious observances, and watched over by a faithful pastor. They understand that the christian seaman, with his "few and far between" religious privileges, is by his frequent change of associates exposed to temptations, which it requires almost a martyr's faith to resist, and though they mourn when he falls, they help him to rise again, and encourage him to a more entire trust in Him, who will lose none whom his Father has committed to his care.

It is through that society that you have the privilege of aiding the seamen. Merged as your donations are with the streams which from various sources flow into its treasury, you cannot know of specific results to your efforts; and this you do not need to quicken your zeal. You rejoice that you are permitted to do something toward the advancement of a noble cause. While you appreciate all the difficulties it must meet, you believe in its ultimate success, because the great Pilot himself guides the helm.

To him you look for instruction, and in the hope of his approbation you seek to devote yourselves to the service of his Son.

We are indebted to Mrs. H. C. Fletcher, Secretary, for the above excellent Report.

ANNUAL REPORT OF The Charleston Port Society.

Rev. WM. B. YATES, Chaplain.

Extracts.

The cause of Seamen, I need not again remind you is one of growing importance and interest; not only to the commercial portion of our country, but likewise to the Church of Christ, for its connexion with the universal spread of the Gospel is beginning to be more and more felt, and appreciated by all who desire the salvation of the human family.

THE CHURCH.

The Bethel Flag continues to wave in the breeze, as a signal to invite the Sailor to that house where he might worship his God, and give vent to those feelings of gratitude and praise to that Being, by whose care he had been preserved upon the boisterous deep. We have held two services upon the Sabbath and two during the week.

The Church has been generally well attended, but not as numerous as during some former seasons. This has not arisen from any diminution of interest on the part of the Sailor; but from the scarcity of Seamen, together with the very limited period they remain in port.

We have not been left without some cheering evidences of the converting influences of the Holy Spirit. Several hopeful conversions have taken place during the past year; and many have expressed themselves thankful that they had a Bethel to resort to upon the Sabbath-day.

The prayer meeting during the week has not been generally well attended; still, a few have found it pleasant to meet together to supplicate for themselves and others the

protecting care of the God of the ocean, and to have their Christian graces strengthened. During the past year 40,000 tracts together with a number of Bibles, Testaments and Prayer Books have been distributed.

The Temperance cause among seamen continues to accomplish much good; and from the testimony furnished me from time to time, I am persuaded that the defections among seamen have not been in the same proportion as among landmen. I have lately heard of not a few who signed the pledge in our Bethel, a number of years since, who are now occupying offices of profit and trust; and a number who, ten years ago, were foremast hands, are now captains and officers of first class vessels in Europe and in this country. I frequently meet with men who have told me that since they signed the pledge, they have saved their hard earned wages, and in this substantial manner have realized the fruits of total abstinence. I have abundant evidence of many a home having been made happy through the influence of the pledge.

The Sailor's Home, under the judicious management of Captain and Mrs. WHITE, continues to contribute its share to the moral and religious improvement of the Sailor.

Mrs. White's Report to the Board will afford the Society the opportunity of judging of the continued usefulness of the institution.

*"Respected Gentlemen:—*In accordance with the rules of the house, it becomes my duty to report to you the number of boarders who have been accommodated in the institution, which has proved a quiet and safe retreat to many of the hardy sons of the ocean. During the past year, 450 seamen have boarded at the house; some of these have frequented the house as often as five times, and the house continues to grow in favor with all good men; and it has proved the means of not only saving to them their hard earned wages, but in many instances men have been advanced "from before the mast," and have become officers. With very few exceptions, the de-

portment of the men has been all that could have been required. The rules of the house have been strictly observed, and the Board have great cause to be pleased at the continued prosperity of an institution which owes so much to their untiring exertions.

Yours, with much respect,

Capt. WM. WHITE;

Per Mrs. Mary White."

The Board avail themselves of this opportunity to testify to the kind and considerate attention of Mrs. WHITE to the wants of the inmates of the Home, and to her great care of them when sick or disabled.

The Board cannot but sincerely congratulate the Society upon the successful effort which was made to free the Home from the debt which was in existence, and which was so liberally responded to by our community. The sum contributed for this purpose being \$3,510 50. It is, indeed, a cause of great pleasure to know that the property is now free the encumbrance which, for so many years, hampered us; and we trust that the day is not far distant when, with the increasing commercial prosperity of our city, necessity will compel the extension and adornment of a building so worthy of the fostering care of our citizens.

I would only add that I have remitted several sums to the old country, for which I have received the thanks of parents and wives.

And now, in closing this brief report, permit me to add we have much to cheer and animate us in this good work.

And although during the past year we have not had it in our power to record as much apparent good as in former years, we have not been left without some tokens of the divine favor. The promise that the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto the Lord, is beginning to awaken a deeper interest in the Churches: and they begin to realize that when that day comes, when the Gospel shall be preached and carried to all nations, that the converted sailor shall become one of the most efficient instruments in the hands of God in the

accomplishment of that prophecy, "and the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."

WRECK OF THE SHIP POWHATTAN.

Three Hundred Lives Lost!!!

A large number of shipwrecks have been lately reported from all parts of the coast. But the most melancholy portion of this sad intelligence is the loss of the ship Powhattan, on the New Jersey shore. She was a Baltimore vessel, from Havre. She went ashore on Sunday morning, 16th inst., about seven miles north of Egg Harbor light. She had more than 200 emigrants on board, mostly Germans, and not a soul was saved. More than 60 bodies have been washed ashore. The following information is from the *N. Y. Tribune*.

"The Powhattan sailed from Havre on the 1st of March last, destined for New York, having on board 250 passengers. She is an old ship of about 600 tons burden, and could not easily be managed in such a storm as that in which she was lost. She had been running before the gale under bare poles for hours, on Saturday, and toward evening of that day was discovered about ten miles below Barnagat inlet, among the shoals where she remained until Sunday evening at 5 o'clock, when she went to pieces. Those on board were seen, during Saturday and Sunday, holding on to the bulwarks.

"No aid could be rendered to them, and they could not leave the ship without meeting with certain death. The sea washed over them constantly; and on Sunday at 4 P. M., toward 100 of them were washed off from the ship—a portion of them being thrown lifeless and mangled upon the beach by the fury of the waves. The sea ran fearfully high, and a boat could not have lived in it five minutes.

"Captain Jennings the wreck master kept watch of her from Sunday morning. He dispatched four men to the Government House, a distance of six miles, for a life-car and other apparatus for wrecking purposes, and he remained alone to watch the

wreck. The storm was raging during that time fearfully. Capt. Jennings's men started from the Government House on Sunday with a life-car and mortar, but some of them becoming completely exhausted, they were compelled to return. On Monday morning they succeeded in reaching the scene of desolation with the apparatus, but it was too late to render any assistance.

"At the time that the wave swept the one hundred persons overboard Capt. Meyers, on board the Powhattan, spoke with a loud voice from the deck, through his speaking trumpet, beseeching Capt. Jennings to save some of those who might be landed on the beach; but those were dead who came ashore, which fact Capt. Jennings communicated to Captain Meyers. Not a survivor could be found among them. The violence of the waves, the blows which they had received by being thrown against the ship, and the force with which they were tossed upon the beach, had killed all of them and shockingly mangled many of the bodies.

"At 7 o'clock an immense wave—not less than 100 feet high—struck the wreck. The masts fell and the ship crumbled before it. Cries of despair were distinctly heard above the roaring winds and dashing waters, and all was over. Not one person was saved alive from the wreck, and scarcely a vestige of the ship remained. The waves bore on their surface bodies, bales, boxes and fragments of the ship. During the night the storm increased, and in the morning the beach was found to be strewn with the bodies of the lost, fragments of the ill-fated ship, casks and boxes, and other baggage of the passengers. On Monday morning Capt. Jennings and those who had arrived from the Government House with the wrecking apparatus, employed themselves in collecting the bodies, baggage, &c.

"The search for bodies was continued during Monday. In an hour's time the bodies of about twenty women and children had been found. Only one man was found during the day. He was discovered upon the sand hills nearly fifty yards from

the beach. It is supposed that he reached the shore alive, and succeeded in getting out of the reach of the waves, but perished during the night. He was about 30 years of age and well dressed. He held in his arms an infant, which had evidently perished after reaching the shore.

"Twenty-two bodies were on Tuesday taken from the beach to the village of Manahawkin for interment. They were evidently Germans. There was 1 man and 21 children in the number. On Wednesday morning 6 other bodies arrived at the village from the beach. In the south-west corner of the Baptist burying ground graves were dug for the burial of the dead, and at the head of each grave a board giving a description of the lost one interred there, was planted. Their bodies lie close by where those lost years ago in the ship Auburn were interred.

SAILORS.

MR. EDITOR:—The communications offered by me relating to seamen have not referred so much to the "scarcity," which is the prevailing nautical topic, as to the improvement of those who remain. It is assuredly manifest that were sailors to become a different class of men, a different class of men would become sailors. The sole inducement of "higher wages," which is conceived to be the great panacea, is not of sufficient influence for a parent to send his son forth from the sanctuary of domestic purity, to be corrupted by the vicious companionship of the fore-castle. This refuge has now become so well established as the last resource of the scapegrace, that although it is the best school for seaman-ship, its scholars are often no credit to their place of education. In well-regulated ships, boys are separated as far as possible from its contaminating influences, and their only association with its occupants is such as necessarily occurs whilst upon duty. Besides, wages are actually better than they have ever been before, while men are certainly worse, and there never will be any improve-

ment so long as the wages, be they high or low, are not their own. I have previously dwelt upon the ruinous system of *advance wages*, and I intend to write upon it and speak about it again, so long as I can find readers and listeners, for I regard it as the greatest curse to the sailor, and as a most serious injury to his employers. For the former I care much—the latter ought to care both for him and for themselves.

Sailors' (or rather landlords') wages in New York have ruled lately at a nominal rate of \$20 per month, with \$45 to \$50 actual advance, to Liverpool. The passage is usually accomplished in less than a month, and then the sailor leaves the ship. What has he done in the hope of reward? What inducements have stimulated him to action, while his landlord has been investing his ill-gotten gain at home?

I well know the difference in a man's energy upon an India voyage, when the "dead horse" comes to an end, when he has worked out his advance for some one else, and begins anew for himself. He counts the "dead horse" days, with truth, as those of bondage, considering himself a hired slave, and when his time has expired he exults in freedom—the Alabama negro of yesterday is the Massachusetts freeman of to-day. Such is the difference! Now every cheerly pull evinces that he is pulling for himself, and then shipowners he pulls for you!

I am confident that advance wages need no longer be paid. No matter how high sailors' wages may rule—the higher the better, *so that they are their own*. Freights must rule higher in their proportion, goods in theirs, and finally the expense will fall upon the community. The advantage of the measure is illustrated by experience.

I have thus shipped crews in Boston and in New York, and have only been prevented by actual force from doing so in New Orleans, within a few years past, amidst the opposition of the landlords, who used every exertion to prevent it. The wages offered were two dollars per month

above the current rates, and I had a choice from among the best sailors in port. They were not "put on board" from holes in Ann street and Cherry street, but went on board at the wharf, staid on board, and came home on board like men, in two instances with all the money due them at their last port invested in merchandise which paid them a handsome profit, and several of them already adorn the quarter deck. This, by the bye, is "what becomes of American Seamen," of the few American Seamen we have, while the best of Queen Victoria's subjects have gallantly rushed to uphold their flag in battle, leaving the refuse for a country which is unwilling to educate seamen of its own. Who can but admire the enthusiasm of these noble fellows, and congratulate Old England upon the sound policy of her system of apprenticeship, from which she now reaps such ample fruits! Here, too, may be seen one cause of the "scarcity of seamen" among us, when it is considered that seven British line-of-battle ships carry men enough to man every vessel now in the ports of Boston and New York. When England has done with them they will return to us again. But in the mean time is there not a lesson for America? Squalls are always hanging upon every political horizon. In Europe they have gathered to a hurricane, which may yet sweep along our own coasts.

From the most accurate investigation I cannot find that a greater proportion than one in seven among our crews are American. How much better would be some legislative action to increase it, than the existing statute which obliges almost every captain to swear falsely to the nationality of two-thirds of his crew! But while Congress is thus supine, why will not those directly interested in commerce apply themselves to remedy the evil? Boston merchants whose enterprise has strapped New England with iron, whose charity has reared hospitals and asylums, whose enlightened liberality has endowed colleges and universities, think of those who from all the ends of the earth have brought you the means thus to com-

pass your noble ends, themselves most needy of your benevolence! Reflect upon some method for the benefit of their successors. Listen to the wholesome doctrine of one of your own "solid men!"

"If Boston can afford to spend annually \$200,000, to say nothing of the cost of school-houses, for the education of merchants, lawyers, divines, doctors, and last, not least, mechanics, why cannot she spend something for the special education of seamen, young men for seamen? a class more needed, at this time, and more likely to be needed for a long time to come, than any other class of operatives. It may be answered, and truly too, that all are educated on a similar system, and that all may follow the sea if they like; it may be said that the education given in our public schools is equally adapted to make seamen as landsmen, but it is not so in fact; there are many youth who are running about the streets, picking up an education to fit them for the House of Correction, for the House of Industry, or for the Insane Asylum! Yes! there are many who now burden our courts and our police offices and our public institutions, who might be manufactured into good sailors, if the city would establish a floating school in the harbor. By so doing she would purify the morals of the lower classes in a very considerable degree, and raise up a much needed class of operatives. She would snatch from the flames many a stout heart and ready hand, to become useful members of society, and the benefit would be felt upon the sea as well as upon the land."

In this way, make sailors whom you need, instead of felons whom you can dispense with. And for the sailors that you have, do something! Do everything in making them freemen, in placing an object before them—*the reward of labor!*

Stop *advances*, and no longer pay for what neither you nor the sailor have ever had, but pay him liberally when he has earned it, what he will be sure to earn!

RINGBOLT.

INSIGNIFICANCE OF THIS EARTH.

Though the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished for ever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's wormanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighborhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them; and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendor and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time the life, which we know by the microscope it teems with, is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of

man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom, the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his provi-

dence as if we were the objects of his undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion in every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though his mind takes into his comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to him as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts; that he gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.—*Chalmers.*

For the Sailor's Magazine.

The Good Man in Obscurity.

The taper which sends forth its light from the window of an humble cottage, neither shines so brightly, nor is seen so far, as the beacon which blazes upon the lofty promontory, to guide the sailor on his doubtful way, over the tempestuous ocean;—yet often its feeble ray has led the wanderer, benighted and perplexed, in the devious valley, to a safe and hospitable shelter from the pitiless storm.

Even so may the pious and consistent example of the most obscure Christian, lead back, through the paths of truth and righteousness, to the sure refuge of infinite love, the soul that has long been wandering in the dangerous mazes of sin and error.

M.

Disasters.

Ship New Hampshire, at this port from Liverpool, reports: 21st May, boarded the Br. barque Bellona, loaded with railroad iron; spars all gone, and four feet water in hold, abandoned.

Ship Sterling, Henderson, (of Wiscasset, Me.,) from Newport, E., for Savannah, foundered April 14. Crew saved by the Abeona, arrived at Queenstown.

Br. ship London, Marshall, from Gloucester, Eng., bound to Quebec, sprung a leak during the hurricane of 17th April, and was abandoned on the 19th.

Br. barque Davenport, at this port from Havre, reports: April 18th, fell in with ship James Moran, of St. Ivés, from London for Quebec, in a sinking condition, took off the captain and crew, 18 in number. 1st May, spoke barque Leonard Doblin, of Whitsby, supplied her with provisions, having on board 112 passengers from the wreck of French barque Cachelot, of Havre, for New York.

Ship Remittance, Mooers, from Baltimore for Havana, was totally lost on the North part of Eluthera on or about the 20th May.

Brig Condor at this port from San Juan, Cuba, reports: 4th June fell in with the wreck of brig Lexington, Capt. Haskell, from Doboy Island, bound to Boston, in a sinking condition, and took off Capt. H., mate and crew, and brought them to this port.

Barque Appleton, Nickerson, from Baltimore for Boston, was in contact night of 2d June, off Chatham, with barque Millford, of Southport, hence for New Orleans. The A. sunk in five minutes afterwards. Capt. N., first officer and two seamen got on board the M. Two other seamen went down with the vessel.

Schr. Thos. Sprigg, from Patuxent, with corn and wood, bound to Baltimore, was in collision night of 13th June, near Thomas Point Light, with an unknown schooner, laden with coal. Both vessels sunk almost immediately. The crew of the other vessel took to the yawl and supposed reached Thomas point safely. A

colored man belonging to the crew of the Thos. Sprigg, jumped on board the other vessel, and it is presumed was saved. Capt. Teague and crew, of the T. S., were picked up by the schr. Maria, Baker, from Boston, and were carried to Baltimore.

Br. ship David Cannon, Robertson, hence about 1st June for Quebec, in ballast, was totally lost previous to 10th June, at Whitehaven, N. S. Crew and materials saved.

Brig Richmond, from Wilmington, N. C., of and for Bath, went ashore on the 28th June, about three miles outside the Main Bar, on the Middle Ground, where she now lies a total loss.

Ship Camilus, hence for Charleston, ashore on Ocracoke Beach, was abandoned 28th June, having bilged, and the tide flowing into her.

Mex. schr. Anita, from Laguna, came in contact night of 23d June with barque Jane E. Williams, both vessels at the time being in tow of the steamer Anglo Norman, bound up the Mississippi to New Orleans. The Anita was totally lost, the captain and crew having had barely time to save themselves by jumping on board the steamer.

Ships Trade Wind and Olympus came in collision at 11 o'clock night of June 26th, which resulted in the loss of both ships and 24 lives. The Olympus, Capt. Wilson, sailed from Liverpool on the 23d of May for Boston, with forty passengers and a crew of 13. The Trade Wind, Capt. Smith, cleared at Mobile 3d ult, for Liverpool, with seventeen passengers and a crew of 34. The Trade Wind was a splendid A 1 clipper ship of 2418 tons register, built in this city in 1851, by Jacob Bell, owned by Messrs. Booth & Edgar of this city, and Messrs. Wm. Platt & Son of Philadelphia.

Br. barque St. Mungo, Dand, from Pictou for Boston, was wrecked 11th June at Ragged Island; crew and passengers saved.

Schr. Osprey, from Rondout for Bangor, wrecked near Owl's Head, became a total loss.

Br. schr. Amazon, Anderson, of and from Digby for Boston, ran ashore on the S. W. end of Mount Desert Rock, 11th May, and became a total loss with her cargo.

Schr. Velasco went ashore May 13, two miles below Point Lobo, high and dry on the beach, with both masts gone. She was loaded with lime, which ignited and remained burning at last accounts. She is a total wreck.

Schr. Melbourne, Hix, from Bucks-ville for Salem, fell in, no date, with brig Charles Thomas, Saunders, of Salem, from Darien for Newbury-port, leaky and in a sinking condition, with all hands sick; took off the captain and crew, and carried them to Holme's Hole.

Bre. barque Norma, at this port from Bremen, reports:—April 21st, passed the wreck of an American vessel, (the Ann, of New York,) all masts except part of foremast gone—was abandoned.

Missing Vessels.

As the brig Industry, which sailed from New-Haven the 25th of March last, for St. Croix, has not been heard of since that time; it is probable that she has been lost, with all on board. The following is a list of her officers and crew:—Daniel G. Pike, of Maine, master; Henry Macumber, of New-Haven, mate; Robert Beard, Francis Kimball, James Simpson and John Richards, of New-York, seamen; and A. L. de Beueurhoud, cook—a foreigner. Capt. Pike was a promising young man, and highly esteemed by those who knew him. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss. The vessel was owned by Theron Towner, of New Haven.

Brig Garland, William H. Newhall master, sailed from Salem Nov. 26, 1853, for Para, since which nothing has been heard of her. Capt. Newhall, and the first officer, Mr. Wm. H. Mullen, aged 26, belonged to Salem, and were single men; the second officer, Mr. Wm. W. Berry, aged 35, has left a wife and child in Salem. Her crew consisted of Henry Collins, James J. George, John Doyle, Henry Buckley, Chas. Johnson, and

William H. Lindsey—all hailing from Salem.

Notice to Mariners.

LIGHTHOUSE AT CEDAR KEYS, FLORIDA.—A FIXED WHITE LIGHT WITH FLASHES.—This house is placed on the Eastern end of the mound on Sea-Horse Key, harbor of Cedar Keys, Florida. It is a plain structure of bricks, one story in height, surmounted by a watch-room and lantern both painted white. The illuminating apparatus is of the fresnel fourth order fixed, with flashes every minute, and illuminating the entire horizon. The focal plane is 75 feet above the sea level—the light therefore will be clearly visible from a position 15 feet above the water, in good weather, at the distance of $14\frac{1}{2}$ nautical or $16\frac{1}{2}$ statute miles.

The principal object of this light (though seen in all directions) is as a guide to the main entrance to the harbor of Cedar Keys from the southward. A dangerous reef extends in a southwesterly direction from Sea-Horse Key for 12 miles, but by keeping within the bearings of N. and N. N. W. (magnetic) the harbor can be safely entered to within one mile of the light. The approximate latitude and longitude are—lat. $23^{\circ} 05' 30''$ N.; long. $32^{\circ} 57' 30''$ W.

The light will be exhibited for the first time on the night of August 1st, proximo, and will continue to be shown every night thereafter from sunset to sunrise, until further notice.

By order of the Lighthouse Board,
GEO. G. MEADE,

Lieut. Topographical Engineers.
Cedar Keys, June 15, 1854.

DEVAAR LIGHT HOUSE, SCOTLAND.—Official information has been received at this office that the Commissioners of Northern Light Houses have given notice that a Light-House has been built upon the Island of Devaar, at the entrance of the Bay of Campbeltown, in the county of Argyll, the light of which will be exhibited on the night of Monday, 10th July, 1854, and every night thereafter from the going away of daylight in the

evening till the return of daylight in the morning.

The following is a specification of the Light-House, and the appearance of the light, by Mr. David Stevenson, Engineer to the Commissioners:

The Light-House is in N. lat. $35^{\circ} 25' 45''$, and W. lon. $5^{\circ} 32' 16''$.

The Devaar Light will be known to mariners as the REVOLVING LIGHT, which shows a bright white light once every half minute.

The light is elevated about 120 feet above the level of high water of ordinary Spring tides, and may be seen at a distance of about 15 nautic miles, and at lesser distances according to the state of the atmosphere; to a nearer observer, in favorable circumstances, the light will not wholly disappear between the intervals of great-est brightness. The arc illuminated by the light extends from about S. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. by compass, to about W. by N. and faces northwards.

By order of the Lighthouse Board,
THORNTON A. JENKINS,
Secretary.

Treasury Department, Office Light-
house Board, June 19, 1854.

An iron "Bell Buoy Boat," painted red, 28 feet long, 13 feet wide, with a fore-and-aft frame work, bell mast, and bell having four self-acting clappers, has been placed on Flynn's Knoll, to designate the shoal. The mast is surrounded by a cage work four feet from the deck, sufficiently large for the protection of persons seeking refuge on the buoy. It is anchored in 13 feet water, 156 yards N. 160 W. per compass, from the East Beacon on Sandy Hook.

The white spar buoy which formerly marked the spot has been removed.

By order of the Lighthouse Board,
A. LUDLOW CASE,
Lighthouse Inspector 3d District.
New York, June 14, 1854.

The Light Vessel was moored two miles S. of the South Shoal, off Nan-tucket, in 14 fathoms water, on the 15th June, and showed her light for the first time on the evening of that

day. Vessels may pass within one mile to the Northward of the light vessel in safety.

PLYMOUTH SOUND, ENGLAND.—ADDITIONAL LIGHT AT WESTERN ENTRANCE.—Official information has been received at this office, that in order to guide vessels more effectually by night, in rounding the Black Buoy of the Knapp, and the chequered Buoy of the Draystone, an additional bright light will be established on the 1st of June next, in the Light Tower on the west end of the breakwater, but 16 feet below the present light, which being 63 feet above the level of high water, the new light will be 49 feet high.

This additional light is so placed, that it can be seen only by a vessel when she is between the lines of bearing of the present Breakwater Light, from each of the above mentioned buoys—and, therefore, whenever the new light is visible, the channel is open, and she may run direct for it.

INSPECTOR'S OFFICE, 8th L. H.
DIST. Mobile, May 31, 1854.

Three spar buoys, striped black and white, and numbered from seaward 1, 2, 3, have been placed to mark the channel of Horn Island Pass, at the East end of Horn Island, Miss.

The outer buoy marks the entrance, in $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms. Round Island Light bearing N. W. by W. (compass,) and the Sand Hill on Petit Bolts shut in by the W. woods on that Island.

Buoy No. 2 bears from No. 1 N. by W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., and No. 3 from No. 2 N. W. $\frac{3}{4}$ N., being opposite to and about 300 yards from the East point of Horn Island. From No. 3, Round Island Light, bears N. W. by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.

A draught of 16 feet can be carried through this pass, and the Buoys being in midchannel may be left on either hand, but should be kept well aboard.

D. LEADBEITER,
Inspector.

New York, August, 1854

The Grog Bill.

The following grog bill was copied from the book of a Sailors's Boarding House—a *Licensed Tavern* in the city of New York, licensed by the constituted authority of the same, in their administration, of the Excise Laws of the State of New York.

The facts in the case were these. The sailor Charles Cochran came into port not designing to enter any Boarding House, but to remain on the ship, drank a glass or two of *beer*, knew little of what occurred afterwards, for one week, had a faint recollection of receiving the balance of wages, \$13, 50 probably, and the land-lord taking it before he left the counting room.

When after a week's board at this "*Tavern*" he did come to himself, he became disgusted at the loathsome place, and alarmed amidst its broils for his own personal safety. He had heard of the Sailor's Home and found it for a refuge.

The next thing was to get his baggage from the "*Tavern*," The Keeper of the Home went with him and demanded his baggage, was told there was a claim against it. The bill was demanded. The land lord couldn't "*rade at all at all*" and the "Clark" was out, but there is more nor *twinty* seven dollars due on't." The book was requested. We print the account as found on the book of the "*Tavern*," with blanks for decimal points. It can foot up \$55 53 or \$46 53 or \$26 73, and probably

it should read \$7 43. Taking the grog bill alone, deducting the cartage, at the lowest footing, \$25 37, at 6cts. a glass, it would be 423 drinks, or 70 glssses a day, a little over a gallon a day.

The police were applied to, to know if the baggage could not be had without paying such a bill, but they had no authority to act. The Judge of the Marine Court was next asked, he referred to the Clerk of the Court, and he to the Justice of the Ward Court, and he replied in a somewhat Irish brogue, somewhat worn off by time, that "Brandy was very dear in these days, and it was right the man should pay for his brandy before he took his baggage, why not?" The baggage was finally obtained by paying \$10. So the sailor's week's board cost him \$23 50. Comment is unnecessary.

Chs. Cochran's Bill for 6 days Board.

Brandy	76
Brandy	66
Carting	36
Brandy	10 5
do	12 5
do	2 00
do	1 50
Paid 13. 50 Carting	10 0
Drinks	90
do	75
do	75
do	2 50
do	3 50
do	5 00
do	3 00
do	3 75

May 3d, 1854.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Rev. John Mayers, Seamen's Chaplain at Marseilles, France, gratefully acknowledges the courtesy and kindness extended to him on his late visit to the U. S. and particularly his obligations to the following gentlemen for their generous donations to aid in opening a home for the seamen in Marseilles.

New York, July 3 1854.

Messrs. Olyphant & Co. \$100; Messrs. R. B. Minturn, W. Whitlock, Jr., G. F. Foster, Wm. Aspinwall, Howland & Aspinwall, Dutilk & Co., Chamberlain & Robinson \$50 each; Messrs. J. Griswold, C. N. Talbot, W. Crosby, Drapers & Devlin, Boyd Hincken, J. S. Lawrence \$25 each; and in smaller sums (from \$5 to \$20) \$100. Total \$700.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

*Japan opened to the Americans—
Dialogue with a sailor—Additional items of news about Japan—\$1,000 for Missionary to Japan.*

We have now in port the U. S. S. "Saratoga," en route from Japan to the United States, having on board the bearer of despatches from Commodore Perry to the Government at Washington. This gentleman is entrusted with the Treaty of Amity and Friendship, which has been negotiated between Japan and the United States. The intelligence of the opening of Japan will create an immense sensation throughout the civilized world. Commodore Perry has accomplished, even more than the most ardent and sanguine advocates of the expedition ever anticipated. Our whale and merchant ships will hereafter be allowed to visit two or more ports of that country; but it is not my design at present to spread before your readers even a summary of the Japan news. I doubt not newspaper readers, in all parts of the Union, will be glancing over the

column headed "*Japan Opened*," within twenty-four hours after the intelligence reaches New York. I am sure the telegraph wires will speed the intelligence with the rapidity of lightning. The Japan news will occasion rejoicing among a few millions of our countrymen, but I meet occasionally with incidents which will create rejoicing in a company which no man can number even among the angels, for our Saviour informs us that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

The "Saratoga" gave her men liberty at this port. Yesterday a fine looking man-of-war's-man entered my study, saying that he wished to purchase some books. As he was an entire stranger to me I thought that, perhaps, he had mistaken my character, and might wish to purchase "novels," and books such as would not be found in a chaplain's study. Nearly the following dialogue took place:

"What books would you like?"

"Have you the Imitation of Christ?"

"What, the work by Thomas A. Kempis?"

"Yes."

"No, I have not, but allow me to ask if you are endeavoring to imitate Christ?"

"Yes, I am trying to do it."

"How long have you been of that way of thinking?"

"Something like thirteen months."

"What, have you been led to change your mind on ship board?"

"Yes."

"Suppose you let me know what induced you to do so?"

"I have a shipmate, who is a religious sort of a man, and we have often a talk together. He brought out some books, which he gave me to read."

"What was the particular book which had the most influence over your mind?"

"'Baxter's Call.' I read it over and over. Some passages over a hundred times. My head was all confused. I began to pray, and continued praying, and ere long I felt different. The light came, and I

have been made altogether another man."

"But how did you finally break away from your former habits and associates?"

"I made an effort and the Lord hove me through."

These are the young man's words, not varied a syllable. They are sailor-like, but remarkably expressive. Divine and humane agency work together. The idea exactly corresponds to that of Paul, in Phil. 2: 12, 13. Man must work, and God will work. The sailor hit the idea exactly. I doubt whether Dr. Taylor or Dr. Tyler, Professor Hodge or Professor Park, could have expressed the idea more aptly or concisely.

I had much conversation with the man respecting his past life, and could not but wonder, in view of the wonder-working grace and providence of God.

I have since met with others belonging to the *Saratoga's* crew. I discover among them two or three more who are decidedly religious men. It is gratifying to learn from other sources that these seamen maintain a consistent deportment as the professed followers of Christ. The trials and perplexities attending the profession, and maintenance of true religion on board a man-of-war, are great and numerous. I fear that many a reputable professor of religion on land would make but sorry work of exemplifying the principles of the gospel on ship-board. Still it is in the highest degree gratifying to know that some few do let their light shine even among crews of our vessels of war. The heaven is at work, and it is to be hoped that ere long "the whole lump will be leavened."

The readers of the Magazine will learn from other sources the prominent items of intelligence respecting the Japan Expedition, but they may be interested in a few particulars which I have "noted down" during my frequent interviews with the officers of the *"Saratoga."*

The Japanese finally met Commodore Perry, not as an enemy, but friend. There was no display of soldiers or military parade. It will be

recollected that at the interview in July last, the Japanese Commissioners were attended by several thousand of their soldiers.

The Japanese made particular inquiries respecting Captain Cooper, who commanded the American whaler-ship "*Manhattan*," when she visited the Bay of Yedo, in the spring of 1845. An account of his visit was published in "*The Sailor's Magazine*" of June and July, 1846, having been prepared with much care by Dr. Winslow.

An officer of the "*Saratoga*" remarked thus, that the influence of American whaleships had probably been very great in inducing the Japanese to open their ports. It appears that the Japanese have been close observers of whale ships, cruising about their islands. The Japanese informed the Americans, that they had counted 180 American whale ships, in one year, passing through the Matsmai, or Sangar Straits.

While the fleet lay in the Bay of Yedo, a marine died, belonging to the steamer "*Mississippi*." Although, at first much against the wishes and prejudices of the Japanese, Commodore Perry obtained permission to bury the man on shore, under military honors, and attended by the chaplain, observing all the rites of a Christian burial. On the monument erected at the grave, it was stated that the deceased was born in Ireland! This circumstance rather confused the minds of the Japanese. They did not understand how an American could be born in Ireland! This incident led to an explanation of our naturalization laws, which rendered it possible for an American to be born in Japan!

The officers of the "*Saratoga*" report that they saw no cattle, no sheep, no goats, no swine, but very good horses. They saw growing crops of wheat, rice, oats, barley, millet, and tobacco. The land was well cultivated. The Japanese have a very good plough, and fanning machine.

We understand that trade is not to be opened until March, 1855. To facilitate trade, hereafter, the Japanese received specimens of American

coins, and furnished specimens of Japanese coin, for the purpose of having their relative value ascertained.

On the part of the Japanese Commissioners, it was, at first much insisted upon, that the U. S. Government should allow a treaty stipulating that no American lady should ever visit Japan! So preposterous a demand was not countenanced, for a moment, by the gallant Commodore. Who can imagine the ferment which would have been excited in the United States had an article of this nature been inserted in the treaty? The news—"No white ladies allowed to visit Japan," would have been the occasion of fitting another expedition to Japan! Ladies themselves, would have commanded the expedition, and the Japanese would have been taught what they now seem partially convinced of, that America is a great country!

It has been referred to, as a matter of surprise, that the Japanese should have understood the policy of the United States, in regard to Mexico, and the Mexican War. This circumstance surprised the Japanese, that after the Americans had conquered the country, they then surrender it, even purchasing a portion from the conquered people and paying for the same, a large sum of money. This was not the usual method pursued by conquerors! We hope the Japanese may never have occasion to entertain a different idea of American policy and American magnanimity. Would that no Americans, or foreigners of other nations, should ever visit Japan, for other purposes than lawful and honorable commerce, or some object of genuine philanthropy; then might we reasonably hope, that the Japanese would become an enlightened people. If the Japanese could be persuaded to pass the "Maine Law," and an "Anti-Opium Law," what incalculable evils it would prevent. We hope the trown and indignation of the civilized world will be visited upon the first Yankee, who carries thither intoxicating liquors. Let the mark of Cain be stamped upon him; let him be treated as an outlaw among the nations; let him be classed among pirates, for he would deserve no other

punishment than that of a murderer of the Japanese! Other interesting items respecting the Japanese have come to our knowledge.

Shortly after the intelligence was announced in Honolulu, that Japan was opened, an English shopkeeper in town brought me *one hundred dollars in gold*, requesting that I would forward the same through our Hawaiian Missionary Society to Boston, to the "Board," for the purpose of sending a Missionary to Japan, and the Society voted an additional sum of nine hundred dollars, making *one thousand* for Japan.

Yours truly,

S. C. DAMON,

Seamen's Chaplain.

Account of Monies.

From June 15, to July 15, 1854.

Directors for Life by the payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev. Phineas D. Gurley, D.	
D., by F. street Pres. Ch.,	
Washington, D. C.	50 00
Gilbert Cameron, do. do. do.	50 00
Rev. Daniel W. Poor, New-	
ark, N. J., by J. B. Pinnes	
(am't ack. below.)	

Members for life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.

J. W. Sylvester, Castine, Me.	27 00
Lucius Parker, Hartford, Ct.,	
(in part) (am'tack. below.)	
F. H. Bartholomew, New	
York, (am't ack. below.)	
Dea. Roderick Colton, by S.	
School of Congl. Soc'y,	
West Hartford, Ct.	24 73
John M. McCalla, by F. street	
Pres. Ch., Washington, D. C.	20 00
Rev. Robt. Turnbull, by First	
Bapt. Church, Hartford, Ct.	32 75
Rev. S. S. N. Greeley, by	
Congl. Soc'y, Great Bar-	
rington, Mass.	21 42
William H. Pelton, do. do.	21 42
Wm. Giddings, do do,	21 42
Miss Miriam Pomeroy, North-	
ampton, Mass., by the late	
Miss J. K. Welsh, (amt.	
ack. below.)	
Miss Frances Helen Hunt-	
ington, do. do.	

Mrs. Jonathan Brewster, do.	
William Henry Burbec, by	
First Congl. Soc'y, Ha-	
verhill, N. H.	20 00
Michael Carlton, Jr., do. do.	
(balance.)	5 00
John C. Potter, by Eliot Ch.,	
Newton, Mass.	20 00
John C. Chaffin, do. do. do.	20 00
George Alden, do. do. do.	20 00
Mrs. Sarah R. Hutchins, by	
Con. Soc'y, Concord, N. H.	21 00
Mrs. McFarland, do. do.	21 00
Dea. S. P. Baker, by Con.	
Soc'y, Wiscassett, Me.	22 05
Capt. George H. Wood, Wis-	
cassett, Me.	20 00

Donations.

From First Congl. Soc'y, Old	
Saybrook, Ct.	\$18 82
" Mrs. Elizabeth Bailey,	
of Duane st. Meth.	
Church N. Y.,	10 00
" Hope Ives, Providence,	
R. I.	30 00
" John C. Brown, do. do.	20 00
" M. B. Ives, do. do.	25 00
" R. H. Ives	25 00
" High street Church, do.	97 27
" Richmond do. do. bal.,	66 67
" First Baptist Church,	
(balance.)	30 00
" Con. Soc'y, Darien, Ct.	12 00
" South Con. Soc'y, Hart-	
ford, Ct.	96 79
" South Bapt. Church, do.	15 19
" Central Pres. Ch. N. Y.	136 70
" Con. Soc'y, Castleton	
Vt.,	17 11
" Brick Church, N. Y.	124 39
" Fourteenth street Pres.	
Church, N. Y., (in	
addition to \$50 prev.	
ack. for Aspinwall)	318 10
" 1st Pres. Church, New-	
ark, N. J.	80 27
" Third Pres. Church, do.	59 51
" Balance from Meth. E.	
Church, Sharon, Ct.	50
" A. G. Loomis, Bethle-	
hem, Ct.	10 00
" Hadley Gen. Benev.	
Soc'y, Mass.	12 00
" Edw's Church Female	
Benev. Soc'y, North-	
ampton, Mass.	24 50

" Gen. Benev. Soc'y, 1st	
Parish, Hadley, Mass.	10 00
" Balance from Benefi-	
cent Church, Provi-	
dence, R. I.	20 00
" A Friend, New York.	5 00
" Second Pres. Church,	
Newark, N. J.	47 77
" High street Pres. Ch.	100 02
" A Friend,	75
" S. Jennison, Worcester.	1 00
" Seamen's Concert,	
North Ch., Belfast,	
Me.	6 13
" Congl. Ch. and Soc'y,	
Frankfort, Me.	12 00
" Congl. Ch. and Soc'y,	
Jaffray, East, N. H.	10 06

Legacies.

Late Miss Jane K. Welsh	
of Northampton, Mass.,	
Sam'l L. Hinckley, Esq.,	
Executor,	100 00
	<hr/>
	\$1,980 34

Money received into the Treasury of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society.

West Andover, Ladies Seam.	
Fr'd Soc'y, to make Mrs.	
Phebe A. Chandler, Mrs.	
Ann D. Carruth, and Mr.	
Charles Shattuck, L. M.'s,	60 00
Phillipston, Con. Soc'y,	15 80
Lincoln, Mr. Jackson's Soc.,	9 25
Cambridgeport, Mrs. Eliza-	
beth Harlow,	3 00
Milbury, Rev. Mr. Grigg's	
Soc'y, contribution	\$13 69
<i>Juvenile Collection, viz:</i>	
Ellen Lapham, Jane Har-	
rington, Eunice Sawyer,	
Lucinda Bradford, Louisa	
Cutting, Mary E. Forbes,	
John Goodwill, Edwin.	
Witherby, John Griggs,	
\$17 53	31 22
Falmouth, Con. Soc'y,	27 00
West Boylston,	41 00
Charlestown, Winthrop Ch.	
and Soc'y,	107 60
Legacy of Mr. Isaac Sanford,	
to Sailor's Home,	500 00
Congl. Ch. and Soc'y, Prince-	
ton, to constitute Rev. Henry	
Wickes L. M.	37 29